

Valparaiso University

ValpoScholar

Old School Publications

University Archives & Special Collections

3-1921

Valoon (March Issue, 1921)

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.valpo.edu/oldschoolpubs>

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives & Special Collections at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Old School Publications by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.

ARCHIVES
VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

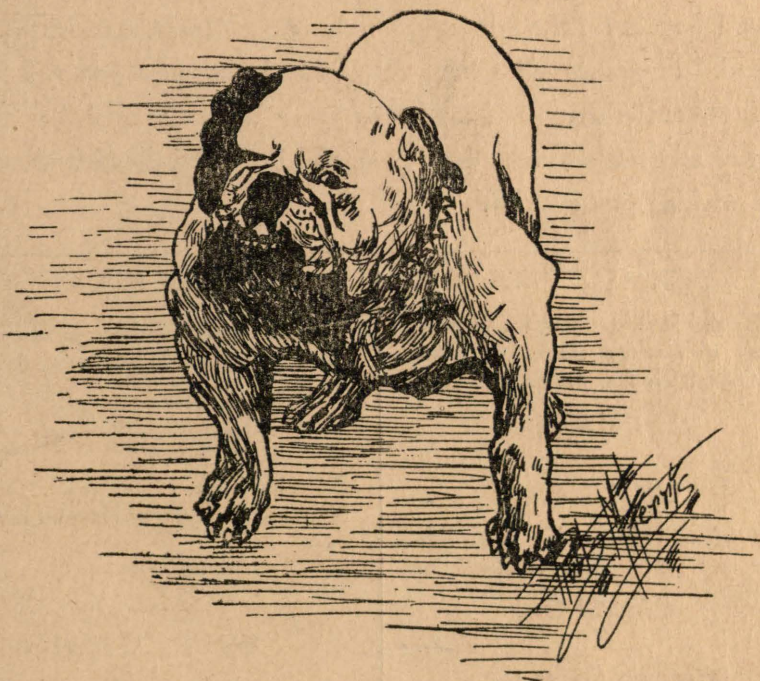
VALOON

March Issue

1921

V.2. No.1

Price 15c



INVICTUS

Drawn by Miss Ruth Ferris

Phoenix Silk Hose

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Of course, your spring silk hosiery will be the famous Phoenix brand. If you have worn Phoenix before you will do so again and rejoice over their new and reasonable prices. If you are planning to wear Phoenix for the first time, you have a pleasant experience just ahead. First you will admire their good looks; next you will find their prices less than you have been paying for similar qualities; and, best of all (this will take time), you will find them the best-wearing silk stocking you ever had.

WITH CLOCKINGS

A silk and fibre stocking for women, black with white clocks or white with black clocks, priced, per pair,

at \$1.00.

LISLE TOPS

Women's all-silk stockings, with lisle tops and seam back, in black or

white, \$1.45.

VALUES TO \$1.50

Silk socks in plain colors and fancy combinations of stripes and checks.

Special, per pair, 85c.

PURE SILK

Women's boot silk hose in white or black, seam back, per pair, \$1.10.

FULL FASHIONED

Beautiful indeed is this style in black, white, gray or Havana brown

for \$1.95 a pair.

VALUES TO \$2.00

Classy, indeed, are these silk socks in plain colors, many of them combined with silver. Specially priced

at \$1.00 a pair.

LOWENSTINES'

NEW AND COMPLETE LINE
ATHLETIC GOODS
SPAULDING AGENCY
BASE BALL — TRACK — TENNIS

—at the—

COLLEGE PHARMACY

The Place Where Quality Counts

UNIVERSAL RESTAURANT

For First Class Meals

Go to the Universal

Where Quality and

Quick Service Come First

STUDENTS LIKE THE UNIVERSAL BEST

For an Expert Job of

Shoe Repairing

or when you need

LACES and POLISH

at lowest prices

E. G. LINDQUIST

455 College Avenue

GIVE

THE

COLLEGE SHOP

455 College Avenue

A TRIAL

See BERBLING

TWO GREAT INSTITUTIONS

Valparaiso University

Founded 1873

*Where Theory Squares With
Practice.*

THE RAINBOW RESTAURANT

Founded 1919

*Where Dinner Squares. With
Appetites.*



Of Course You Smile

*It is what you got and the way
you got it the last time you visited
us. That's the cause of that smile.*

**STUDENT SUPPLIES
DRUG SUNDRIES
SODAS**

PALMER & EICHER

472 College Ave.

VALOON

Owned and Published by the Students of Valparaiso, Indiana, University.

Issued Once a Month.

Volume II, Number 1.

Articles, discussions, stories, jokes, and works of art will be appreciated. Articles regarding topics of current interest in the University will be especially considered. Contributions can be left at the College Pharmacy or sent direct to the Editor, 255 Greenwich Street.

—STAFF—

GEORGE W. STIMPSON, Editor

J. B. FARRIS, Managing Editor

HAROLD I. SIDES, Advertising Manager

MISS HELEN MANN, Assistant Editor

E. H. McBRIDE, Business Manager

W. R. BEHANNA, Circulation Manager

MISS RUTH FERRIS, Artist

WHAT IS A CHICKEN?

LULA MAY GARRETT



VE always wondered what a chicken was, but everybody I've asked for a definition says "Aw-er—why So-and-So's a chicken." If there isn't any definition for a chicken we can get at some of the traits one lacks or possesses. Age has nothing to do with chickenness; it may develop anywhere from fourteen to forty. From fourteen to twenty chicks are called flappers, squabs, or shrimps; after that they are Baby Dolls, Sweeties, Cutie Beautifuls, etc., depending on the saccharinity of the speaker and the latest in slang. A super-chicken is a vamp.

Chickens may or may not have brains, but they are extremely clever in their specialty. They may, in rare cases, run to rabid highbrow and get away with it. A man once said, "There is no man so clever that he cannot be outwitted by some woman." A better version is, "No man is so clever that he does not want to be outwitted by some woman." This

is the use a chicken makes of her cleverness.

There is a chicken type of clothes, manners, and talk. A chicken is easy to look at. She rises up and smites your eye. One lone chicken makes a more vivid image than a mile of billboards. Her clothes stay from six months to a year and a-half ahead of the fashions. Their foundation is a coat of paint and a string of beads; the other garments are added decorations. Manners, of course, vary according to home training and local custom.

A flapper slinks along on her heels, wobbles at the knees, and rattles the beads on her chest. Watch one in a hurry—she will almost prove the story of the disintegration of the Wonderful One-Horse Shay. Her head lurches forward. This does not mean that her ancestors were town drunkards, but it registers vivacity, intense interest and general vamp stuff. Vamps have better technique; they seem to progress on



casters. As a flapper is always eaten up with enthusiasm of some kind, she talks in a high, sweet squeal. Occasionally one shuts her mouth and opens her eyes to try some orb-rolling. You can miss neither lip nor eye work, for a chicken carries the center of the stage around with her and keeps the spotlight on. Flappers show happiness by jumping up and down and squeaking, surprise, ditto, anger, the same, grief, see above (here sometimes the squeal becomes a squall), but don't be too hard on the flapper, for time and practice will polish up her methods.

Everybody likes a chicken, for a chicken is interested in a person, not a thing. That person is herself; but the person she talks to thinks it is he. That pleases him and does not hurt the chicken. A wise chicken lets him admire himself until he runs nearly out of soap, and his own perfections make him nervous. She then runs off somewhere else, and he has time to think up a new set of tricks and find unexpected virtues in himself. Then he raves for her to come back and let him show off again. Also, a chicken apparently has no sense. This gives a pleasant feeling of superiority—she is such a dear little bit of fluff, no more gumption than a slot-machine, this affectionate and helpless little creature must have protection. It is enough to make a Bolshevik wish he had a necktie, and he could fight a bottle of vodka for her sweet sake.

Many chickens are excellent students. Chickens are never sidetracked by originality. They learn what the book says, what most people do, what they the expected to do and think, and they are not troubled by the why or whence or wherefore. There is no dark, unexplored region in their consciousness where thousand-jointed abstractions, thrashing around and drolling polysyllabics, keep them awake at night.

A chicken knows no defeat—she gets what she wants, always. Here is where

the tricks are brought out. A skillful chicken has a large stock in trade and varies stunts according to the person to be wheedled. An unskillful chicken makes the mistake of running them out in the same order each time. The common ones are coaxing, flattery, fudge, jealousy, sympathy, beefsteak and onions, hysterics, surprises, new hats, threats of suicide, and their variations. This performance does not dent a chicken's self-respect and nearly always works. If she cannot get what she wants at first, she goes after something twice as big—and gets that.

There are so many people clamoring for the pleasure of groaning under the burdens of life. A chicken lets them have what they want. She may play at doing her part, but care never cankers her soul. Because she has so little to back her up, she cannot mark down or overpower anybody else's ego. She can't conjure up the put like a bona fide reformer. Perhaps this is another reason why we enjoy tolerating a chicken. But a chicken has no scruples about any trickery—it has always worked, why not now? She has no sense of obligation or gratitude. Truth has its place, when nothing else will do. Real chickens are moral idiots. But again, what has all this to do with the price of peanuts?

Sam's girl is tall and slender,

My girl is fat and low;

Sam's girl wears silk and satins,

My girl wears calico.

Sam's girl is fast and speedy,

My girl is sweet and good;

Would I trade my girl for Sam's girl?

You know darn well I would.

Time and Space

The philosophers worry about the relations between space and time, but the convict doesn't. He knows that he is doing a large amount of time in a limited amount of space.—American Legion Weekly.

"VALUES"

PETER PRANGLE



UT why Anne?" Maltree persisted, "Anne—Anne has no color, no personality—Anne is the name for anybody. Our daughter is to be a great actress—another Charlotte and she must have a name worthy—a name to be caressed by the lips of the millions—to be called back and forth worshipfully, reverently, in the first awful hush that follows the curtain,—as when we heard Patti, Mary. Tell me, why Anne?"

Madame Maltree looked at her young actor husband. Her look was thoughtful, but held a wealth of fondness. There was something more than wifely in the look. Since her marriage to Guk Maltree, five years before, she had found it necessary to be mother as well as wife to the dreaming, fanciful husband—the boy husband who so often came home from the rehearsal of a difficult role, his finely strung nerves all in an agony of sensitiveness, to fling himself down and like a tired child who knows where comfort is to be found, say, "I'm so tired, Mary."

The wife gave her answer slowly as though her voice were following her thought. "Anne is one who knows values. It is the Annes who mother the world." (She didn't say as she was thinking, the lovable Guy Maltree's.) "It is Anne who shields those she loves from the unpleasant things of life.

"Let her be Anne, Guy, and if she has it in her to be a great actress, I shall be glad for my own sake as well as for yours. But may she be an Anne, too. Fame is a great thing—how we love it! We will sacrifice anything for it, it seems so all-desirable. But, Guy, it weighs little in the final balance. It is

what we give that moves the balance in our favor. The fame is as so much froth except in so far as we have served while reaching toward it. Real values are so elusive to our vain eyes." She repeated, "and Anne is one who knows values."

Eighteen years passed. The curtain had just fallen for the last time to the sweet strains of a single violin. For a moment there was a hush; then a name was breathed caressingly, reverently, first here and there, then taken up by a thousand throats, it rose to a mighty swell, of "Anne, Anne Maltree!"

Back of the now slowly emptying house, in a flower-massed green room, a young girl with eyes radiant with triumph was accepting congratulations from an almost suffocating little mob of fellow-actors, critics, reporters—Anne was half-laughing, half-sobbing, for Fame is a great thing—how we love it! There was a stir in the direction of the door. The crowd opened up for an effervescent little man with a Van Dyke and wildly gestulating hands. And someone was heard to exclaim, "Zanski!"

There was one little girl in London that night who slept little. Few are sophisticated enough to hold lightly an offer such as Zanski had made Anne. Zanski's Lead! The girl stared open-eyed into the darkness. If father could know! It had always been his dream. And now she had accepted Zanski's lead! The words seemed emblazoned in the darkness. It meant everything that women hold dear was hers for the taking; the adoration of the Continent, perhaps America. How much indeed it would have meant to her father. Then a gnawing little thought intruded itself—but Mother—what would she say?

Mother at these critical times had never advised. She had always said simply, "Consider values, Anne."

The girl continued to stare into the darkness until the first gray light of dawn, but her thoughts had taken quite another turn.

The next morning, a grumbling, spluttering Zanski was aroused by the insistent ring of the telephone by his bed. To his thickly voiced "S Zanski. Yes—yes—," a resolute young voice answered, "This is Anne Maltree. I'm sorry, but I can't take your lead—" Here a rumbling on the wires made the next words unintelligible, but the dumfounded Zanski, the mark of all stars and whose name was whispered wistfully by the lesser satellites, retained only the impression that something had been said about "Values."

It was only a matter of hours before the word was current among theatrical circles of London that Anne Maltree had "thrown over Zanski's lead." There were explosive exclamations of "Unheard of!" and "Surely some mistake!"—and then, from all sides came the question, Why?—Why?

A little blonde, ingenue in *The Call*, vouchsafed the explanation. "Of course it's incredible, my dears. It isn't done, you know, but I have it almost straight that she's thrown Zanski's lead to"—and here the last words came out on a hard little laugh that the ingenue was never allowed to use in *The Call*—"to-to go to college!" The last words ended in a shriek.

The years glide easily away. A campus lake is bathed in a warm June sun. The surface is dotted with canoes and rowboats. Here and there a bright splash of color identifies the co-ed. Under a drooping willow on the sloping bank a red canoe has been brought to rest. Yes, it is Anne. Her cavalier is a tall, bronzed young fellow with the strong lithe body of the athlete, but the sensitive, quick-sympathetic

face of the artist.

The two are talking with that rare understanding sometimes found between man and man, or woman and woman, but seldom between man and girl.

"I suppose it's the last time I'll really see you, Anne—graduation tonight and all the fuss—and both leaving in the morning—and I'll stick to what I said about the train. I don't think I believe in 'Good-bys' either."

The girl was silent for a moment. She seemed to be thinking, then—"Hasn't it been wonderful, Dick? We've agreed not to spoil it by calling it platonic—but that's it, in spite of what people say about no such thing. And now you're going off to write things and get your name in the *Who's Who*—and—we'll write every graduation anniversary and let each other know how we're getting along."

The boy didn't respond immediately. As a rule he was so ready to talk about the unusualness of this friendship of theirs. He seemed to take so much pride in it, too. But his face didn't light up as it usually did when they mentioned it. Finally he spoke, but as though the words came hard.

"And you're going back to something even bigger than Zanski's lead."

Zanski's lead! The magic in those words! For the moment the college, the lake, the laughing canoers all faded—Anne was again back in the theater with the music and lights, the storming applause, that feeling of exultation, of triumph, that pays amply for the long grinding years of effort.

But her reverie was broken through by a voice, surely not Dick's a strangely hard, tense voice as though he were finding it difficult to hold it in leash.

"Damn this platonic business, Anne. I've been a fool not to know. It was always so easy to talk about your going when the going was a long way off. Anne, I don't want your friendship—I want—something more—"

That night was to Anne Maltree another of those endless ones spent in staring into the darkness. She was over-ly tired—the graduation and all the “fuss” as Dick had called it. And that brought Dick to mind. Why had he said that? She felt resentful that the friendship that was so wonderful a thing, a memory to be cherished in the years to come had to be spoiled the last day. Yet she was sorry that he felt that way, too, when she didn’t at all. She tried to turn her thoughts to that brilliant life that was to be hers. Perhaps she succeeded. But when the first gray light of dawn threw shadows across the gray college buildings, Anne was having a troublesome dream.

She seemed to be standing on the bank of the little campus lake and reaching—reaching out for a Dick who was erect in the red canoe and drifting farther and farther—out of the lake, then down the river—

The cluttered newspaper office was deserted but for Dick who turned wearily away from the typewriter and laid his tired head on the desk. It had been a trying day. That last editorial about the Basket Factory had brought down the wrath of Downing and Downing’s sup-

port meant everything to the struggling little newspaper that had employed Dick since his graduation five months before. And now he had only to go home to a room. People weren’t meant to live in rooms forever—even struggling young newspaper men who lived their work. Then into his weary brain like a refreshing breeze came Anne, laughing. Oh, why had Anne—but of course—it wasn’t her fault. It was his. He should have known sooner that platonic wasn’t the right word—women like Anne can’t be won in a minute. Yes, he’d been a fool not to know.

There was a quick step outside the door. Someone forgotten something, thought Dick. But it didn’t sound like a man. He looked up.

“Why Anne!”

And then came Anne’s “Dick! It wasn’t platonic.”

The first words that could be managed and that was fully thirty seconds after were a broken “How—when—where?” from Dick. Then from Anne, half-sobbing, half-laughing, came some muffled words that Dick couldn’t understand, but it really didn’t matter at all, about “considering values.”

A GOOD FELLOW

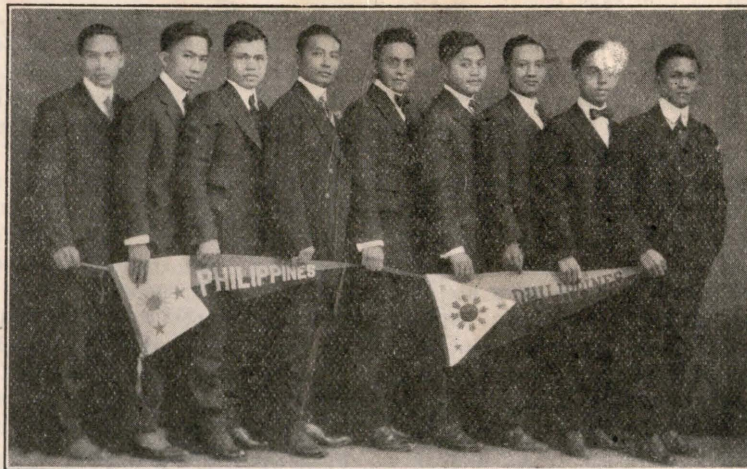
E. GELE

A good fellow is one who is always glad to serve all with the best that is within his capacity. Service is his by-word. He is kind, sympathetic and gentlemanlike. He is always ready to give a helping hand to everyone in the most generous way, and ready to meet all with a smile. Pride and jealousy are his greatest enemies. He meets a friend wherever he goes for he knows no enemy. He is brave and energetic. He respects his elders and in return is respected by his juniors. Truth and hon-

esty are his best friends. It is sad to say, but it is true that a good fellow is hard to find, for to become a good fellow, one must act as a slacker to malice and cowardice. In all, a good fellow is one who has a great love for mankind and is fully devoted to everything that is good.

The girl of 1921 hasn’t as much backbone as the girl of 1820, but she shows more.

VALPARAISO FILIPINO ASSOCIATION



MEMBERS OF FILIPINO ASSOCIATION OF VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

Reading from left to right: S. Villareal, Engineering; S. Tiglao, Commerce; J. C. Labata (Secretary,) Engineering; C. Bayaya (Treasurer,) Law; S. Calica, Commerce; P. Guevarra, Pharmacy; C. Aben (Vice President,) Law; J. A. Herrera, (President,) Law; J. Sablay, Pre-Medic. R. Achaval of the Engineering Department and E. Lademora, of the Department of Education, both members of the Association are not in the picture.

Sometime ago the Filipino students of Valparaíso University organized a society in order to foster the spirit of assistance and co-operation and also to disseminate accurate information regarding the affairs and conditions in the Philippines. This organization first was brought to the attention of the university by the program given by the society in honor of their patriot on Rizal Day. The program was given at the Y. M. C. A. building in the evening and turned out successful far beyond all expectations. At this meeting Jack Pierce, President of the Student Council, Dean Bowman, of the School of Law, Professor Moreland, Registrar of the University, and others gave addresses which showed the keen interest taken in the society. Henry Kinsey Brown, Bursar of the University, and formerly President of the institution, was also present and gave a short address.

The spirit of the organization is shown by the following paragraph from a short article published in the Torch and written by John C. Labata, Secretary of the Association:

"Although it was not without sorrow that these young men left their parents, friends, and loved ones at home: although it was not without tears that they bade good-bye to the land of their birth: yet they unhesitatingly braved the boisterous, limitless Pacific simply because they had that unsatiable, burning desire of education throbbing within their breasts. And when they return to their country, they will take with them the good that they have learned concerning the American institutions and American ways of accomplishing things. They sincerely hope to serve their beloved country and to pattern the future Philippine Republic after the ideals that

have made this great United States what she is today."

The Filipino Association of Valparaíso University is of considerable importance for several reasons. But the most important feature of the society from the stand point of the Filipinos themselves is that it will make life pleasant for the members while here and will furnish a

place for them to make themselves at home and comfortable as soon as they reach Valparaíso. Valparaíso is proud to have so many Filipino students here and we sincerely hope that they will continue to increase in number.

?



ONG WANG crossed the moon lighted room with a gliding movement that made him appear to be floating through the air.

He stood for a moment before a small idol with wicked gleaming eyes as the moon-light beams struck the image full in the face. The idol had occupied a square foot of space above the fire-place for more than twenty years. His head like eyes gave him a cruel considering look that only made one feel certain that he was about to rise from the cross-legged position in which he rested, to strike you with his sceptre, which he held in two hands.

Wong Wang appeared to be looking deeply into the eyes. Suddenly there came into them an unusual gleam, which died out a moment later. A cloud passed over the face of the moon. When the

room was again brightened by the moon-light, the Chinaman had gone. A deathly stillness settled over all, to be broken only by the grandfather clock. The last stroke of the clear toned gong had died out. The moon again hid its face in the dense cloud. Then suddenly without warning, out of the death-like stillness, came a crash, intermingled with the breaking of glass. A moment's pause, a scream from some far off corner of the house, the sudden flooding of light through the room and the sound of feet, was the evidence that the household had been stirred to activity. Father, mother, son and daughter rushed to the room, from which the sound had emanated. Father pushed the button, which flooded the room with light and in the center of the Persian rug was—

(Continued next month.)

CONCERNING "SNOW BALL"

SPRUE PARSONS



ERHAPS the great majority of the student body are unaware of the fact that one of the best long distance runners of the middle west, is a student at

Valparaiso University at the present time.

Mr. Novell Barnett, a young man from the hills of Tennessee, and at the present time a Chemistry student in this University, is the man to whom we refer. Mr. Barnett, or "Snow Ball," as he is better known to his many friends, had an idea that there was contained within his make-up the ability to become a good track man, and to that end decided to put his daily exercises to use.

He respects his elders and in return is respected by his juniors. Truth and hon-

esty afternoon found him at the gymnasium, religiously taking his workout, running with the style that he believed best suited him, developing himself without any assistance or coaching whatever, in fact training in the face of adverse criticism and some scoffing by "those who knew."

Likewise unaided, "Snow Ball" sent in his entrance fee for the Illinois A. C. meet last month, paid his own expenses, and went to Chicago to represent Valparaiso University on the indoor track.

Among the registrants for the meet were representatives from many of the largest and best schools of this section; including Notre Dame, the Universities

THE MISERERE

FRANK W. THOMAS



H, Pisa, Pisa, where is the solace my soul hoped to find in you?"

Mrs. Seymour sat soliloquizing. Her pensive eyes were fixed on the fast on the fast fleeting shadow of the Magdalen Campanile. Soon the chimes would break the quietude of sleepy Pisa, and announce to the world the flight of another day. The Angelus: what tender memories it brought back to her as she sat at her window, longingly scanning the stage upon which she herself had been so merry an actor. Twenty-five years ago today, under the very shadows of the Magdalen walls, love, friends, and happiness had all been hers. Then, the chimes were not pealing their solemn call, but with jubilant airs, were proclaiming that two hearts had been pledged to a perpetual love. At high noon that day, the world was too small to hold all her happiness. And now? Now that the shadows were creeping about her, where was it all? How short-lived it had all been. All gone; all swept away as if by a hurricane. Nothing left but reminiscences. There in the soft reddish glow of the setting sun, she might have well been taken for a Magdalen. Until then, only pain, and sorrow had been visible on her countenance; but now the tint of youth was also there, and even the perfume had come, from the orange, and almond blossoms of the late spring.

While she was mentally reacting the scenes of her one, happy day, the soft music of a violin found its way to her recluse. Some one was playing the Miserere. Who could it be? The player drew nearer, and nearer, and as Mrs. Seymour turned toward the door, she saw a girl coming in her direction, violin

in hand. A painful smile trickled from the old lady's lips. Then in a breathe scarcely audible, "Margarite," she said, "I wish you wouldn't play that, my dear."

"But mother, I thought that you liked the Miserere. Haven't you had that Italian boy play it over, and over for you? He isn't coming tonight, so I thought"—

"No child," interrupted the lady slowly. "It is not the boy's playing that attracts me. There is something deeper child."

"Here, here, how sad you look. What's the matter mother? What's the trouble? Won't you tell your own little Margarite?"

"How do you know, that Florindo is not coming?"

Margarite smiled, and blushed mischievously. "Oh he's coming," she returned, "but not when you expect him. And, and—I don't think that he'll play the Miserere."

Mrs. Seymour saw the girl tripping out of the room. What could it be? Was romance coming into her Margarite's life? Was her only joy to be taken from her? A thousand orgies bombarded her brain. Why did she always have to be attacked unaware? She tried to forget. She tried to bury her pain in sleep.

It was a calm spring evening. A lazy breeze was blowing, carrying with it, the fragrance of the numerous orchards in bloom. These had lulled the pain-racked lady to a few moments of rest.

After a few hours of stolen peace, Mrs. Seymour awoke as if from a trance. Outside the deep soul stirring strains of Schubert's Serenade were flowing from Florinda's violin. Motionless, she listened. The Serenade faded away, and the aria from the Rusticana

was now filling the air. In the pale moonlight she could see Margarite listening, listening to boy's bow speaking,

"Oh Lola thou hast lips like glowing rubies;

Glances that thrill the heart"—

It was the same passionate appeal to which she herself had once surrendered her heart, and now, with the last refrain gone she saw her girl, yielding to the call of love.

A frantic shriek, and a crash, broke out. The onlooker buried her face in her trembling hands. The wall had collapsed, and the boy was underneath it.

Many hours later, Florindo the street musician opened his eyes to a strange sight. Flowers, tapestry, and friendly smiles greeted him. A cool soft hand was smoothing his brow, and brushing back one or two persistent, unruly locks of brown hair. Two eyes were looking into his, friendly, yet piercing to his very soul. Their owner spoke, "You are a stranger here, I know. The Carbinier told me."

A maid entered. "Madame," she said, "an officer has brought a letter."

"Yes, it is from the Intelligence Department. Let me see it." She read:

Dear Madame:

The name of the individual to whom you have reference, is Florindo Raymond. He came to Pisa last month, in the company of a troupe of montebanks. However, for some reason unknown to us, he has failed to leave with them.

Should we obtain any further information regarding the man, we shall be pleased to communicate it to you.

Very Respectfully,

The Commander of The District.

"And so you have no home?"

"No, kind lady, no roof but the vault of the skies."

Mrs. Seymour sighed perceptibly. The boy continued, "I had known no kindness from the day I lost my father, until I

came to Pisa. With those ruffians life was unbearable. After I had played for you, for the first time, I was filled with a new spirit. This was my father's old home. The memory of him, coupled with your kindness made me resolve to leave them. Your invitation asking me to play some other day was irresistible. To you, I could pour out my soul, and its passion."

His listener bit her lips. Here was a greater sufferer than she. And so young too. Scarcely out of his teens, he had already partaken of the bitterest dregs. She at least had had some love. She had sampled some of the joys of life. Thoughts of the fatal day came to her. In a moment she was reviewing the tragedy of the past twenty years. There she was, waving good bye to her husband and child. She would come back soon. But she didn't. Her friend had turned foe. He had taken her away from her husband and babe. He had written to her husband that she had drowned, when she and a friend were capsized in a boat. She returned home after an absence of two years. Her loved ones were gone. No one seemed to know where. For many years she had searched for them, and was this her boy at last?

She ventured a question, "Don't you know anything about your parents?"

"I do, but it hurts me to think of how shamelessly my father was treated by a woman. He was studying music here at the university. He met her and married her. A short while after, I was born. My father's condition did not permit all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. An old college acquaintance came to see her, and in a week she had left us. To hide his shame, father declared that he was returning to America in order to have some one to take care of me, in place of the woman. He said that she had died at sea in an accident. He knew that it was not so.

"We did not go to America, but we

left for a little village in the Alps. There apart from the world, he took the role of nurse, mother and teacher. We were happy. Then one day, I lost him. He went to sleep. I never spoke to him again. I was alone. I had only one desire: to meet that woman, who betrayed and killed my father. She is still alive and if the Lord delivers her to me, I'll avenge my father's death and disgrace.—I joined that band just to travel, and if I ever find her"—. He could go no further. He was exhausted.

Mrs. Seymour trembled. Something came to her throat. Was it possible that he had changed names to shield the family honor? She dared ask another question: "And don't you know anything else about your people?"

"No, and I don't care. All I want is that woman."

"But how would you know her?"

"I have her picture." Here he opened a crushed locket which they had mistaken for a church medalion about his neck. "There she is. Look at her laugh. I'll make her laugh."

She looked, and with a sob she fell with her head on the boy's breast. "If

you knew the truth, would you forgive her?"

"You, you're not my mother?"

"That's my picture. It was taken on our wedding day."

"You? You the woman? I'll—" He arose in a frenzy, with quivering lips, and convulsive fingers stretched, he reached toward the woman. She remained motionless, with her eyes fixed heavenward.

The boy came on. As he rose to clutch the waxen throat, a gleam in her eyes caught his. For the moment the air stood stock still, waiting to leap into wild vibration on his decision. He started, and his crouching hands came to a standstill. Slowly they lowered.

Margarite, wild eyed crouched in a corner. Florindo looked toward her. His frenzy arose again. The girl buried her face, awaiting the outcome. But no one attacked her. Instead, his voice broke out, "If you, you have been true to my father, then, then, where did she come from?"

"Margarite is my ward."

Florindo smiled, "Yes, and she'll be your daughter."

REVIEW OF DR. HODGDON'S "ELEMENTARY GENERAL SCIENCE"



HERE is only one way in which the subject of General Science can be taught to elementary classes. The proper basis of teaching the subject is the environment of the student. "That Elementary General Science should prepare students merely for further pursuit of the various sciences included in the subject is an altogether narrow and unprogressive idea." More than a future foundation for study should be the aim of the beginning courses in the various

sciences. "From this point of view the textbook should so emphasize the fundamental facts and phenomena of nature that they are made of vital interest to the student and yet are at the same time scientifically presented, easily comprehended and useful both in the future study of science and in every day life."

Such are the principles constantly kept in mind by Dr. Daniel Russell Hodgdon in his *Elementary General Science* (Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York,) in which he attempts to

teach science by "socializing the recitation," a method which Dr. Hodgdon considers a powerful stimulant to the student's powers of observation. It is a striking coincidence that Dr. Hodgdon, who was called here last fall to take charge of the responsible position of President of Valparaiso University, holds practically the same views on science as Henry Baker Brown, the founder of Valparaiso University, held upon Normal subjects. President Brown wrote upon one occasion: "We claim it to be the first principle of a sound educational philosophy, that the powers of the mind should be cultivated by the most natural order; and by natural order we understand the order in which they would naturally unfold themselves were they subjected to no artificial control. We follow this order because nature will thus more willingly follow us. It will not do to war against nature, for in every battle we will most surely be defeated. Every violation of her law receives its just punishment. How quickly the child becomes familiar with this. Its earliest training is in her school. How readily it learns to distinguish differences; how enthusiastic it becomes over its little toys; how excitedly it runs to its mother with the first rose of summer, exclaiming, 'how pretty,' how earnestly, and with what close application, does it continue its study of the beautiful. Thus nature leads it onward and upward making its life full of enjoyment and happiness."

To present the principles of sciences in a way that they will be made of vital interest to the student is the first of Dr. Hodgdon's rules for teaching. But while this is accomplished, there is danger of impairing the young mind for further study by not handling the subject in a scientific manner, and thus defeat the first object of pursuing the course. Simplicity should not be of such nature that it is unscientific; even the commonest phenomena of life should be treated

strictly according to the fundamental principles of science. Therefore President Hodgdon has combined interest and science for the beginner in the study of all subjects pertaining to science, and the result is a most excellent textbook on Elementary General Science, a text which might be well considered by all interested in the training of students in the subjects which play such a large part in the present age.

But a subject may be interesting and scientifically presented and yet not be easily comprehended. The student, though deeply interested in finding out the secrets of the science, might meet with such difficulties that he would give it up as something beyond his powers to grasp. It would seem, from the way Dr. Hodgdon states his general principle, that ease of comprehension should be sought outside of interest. In every chapter of Elementary General Science the various explanations are worded simply and the importance of always keeping strictly to the principles of science is never lost sight of.

Above all, the things taught should be useful both in future study and in every day life. That kind of science which is not practical in the common course of life is not the proper kind of science to teach to those just laying the groundwork of learning. Too long the schools have made certain studies a joke through an unwise method of instruction. Young people are not likely to work very hard to accomplish a task which in the eyes of their parents and those who do not go to school, is little more than pedantry. All science is practical if it is correctly taught and demonstrated in such manner as to show the student that he can get along better in life by having a knowledge of the science.

The arrangement of the subject matter of Elementary General Science is unique. The author takes the home and its environment as the starting point and proceeds from this to all the vari-

ous parts and phases of his comprehensive subject. Dr. Hodgdon tells us that one day, while teaching his class in science, he drew on the blackboard a large diagram of a house. From more than a thousand questions which had come up for discussion in the class, he, with the help of his students, developed a scheme, consisting of the house or home as the center and radiated by the various questions, or rather the subjects of the questions. Thus the chimney suggested the heating system, the heating system suggested steam, hot air, hot water, expansion, and hundreds of other things connected in some way with the heating system. The different rooms and divisions of the house gave rise to many questions regarding food, plumbing system, clothing, washing, ventilation, and an almost endless amount and variety of material for discussion in the classroom. This little experience, says the author in his preface, led him to see the desirability of using the home as the center around which the subject matter of the course could be built. Using this system as a basis, he developed topics along the lines of chemistry, biology, geography, physics, and in fact, all the sciences, showing that they all have a common basis in the home.

Dr. Hodgdon has accomplished a great deal in respect to the logical development of his materials. General science covers such a wide field of learning and is so varied in its form and relationships that to arrange it in a comprehensive and logical way is very difficult. But the scheme mentioned above has given the author of *Elementary General Science* an advantage over those who treated the subject in departments, or according to the different sciences involved. His logical transitions from one phase of the subject to another are an outgrowth of the scheme upon which the whole work is based. His method of proceeding with the work is after the fashion of shading in art. The whole

work is so blended together that the result is a unity. The author's design seems to have been to unify the various sciences, to find some general scheme which would show the relationship of the different parts of the whole and to one another, and this he has accomplished. He does not pretend to have found the ultimate principle of unity underlying all the sciences, but he has prepared his work in such a manner that the learner forgets that he is studying physics, botany, and geography, and feels that he is studying the science of things in general as it is presented to him in the various phenomena of his daily environment.

Even a superficial review of *Elementary General Science* will suggest the fact that Dr. Hodgdon has two classes of chapters in the book under consideration. There are some chapters the purpose of which is solely to arouse interest and there are others which may be called fact lessons. The average student is naturally inclined to want to know explanations for the things which take place around him, but there must be sufficient interest kept up to stimulate the dull mind to investigate and discern things. Life itself is the best laboratory in the world, and the next best is the method which most resembles actual life. "The teacher will do well to encourage his students to start interesting discussions by their making statements somewhat after this manner: 'This morning while coming to school I observed that smoke was sinking toward the ground. I do not know the reason for this but would like to have it explained,' or a girl student might say, 'Last evening while helping mother wash dishes I noticed that two of the glasses stuck together. What was the reason for this?'"

Elementary General Science does not pretend to improve upon science itself, but merely the methods of presenting it to the student. Dr. Hodgdon regrets

the fact that many students have been graduated from our schools with very little knowledge of the interesting facts of their environment, too little ability to understand the simple phenomena of nature, and little if any desire to examine into the causes of these phenomena. All the author expects the work to accomplish is to introduce the student to a better understanding of the simple facts and fundamental principles of natural laws, and to cultivate in the pupil a desire to know more about his environment.

Calvin N. Kendall, Commissioner of Education of the state of New Jersey, in his introduction to Dr. Hodgdon's *Elementary General Science*, says: "Daniel R. Hodgdon, a science teacher of experience, has prepared a book similar to the one I have briefly described, as a contribution to the field of general science as it exists today. It is simple, it has little mathematics, it is free from technicalities, it makes no pretense of being exhaustive, and it is, moreover, very interesting.

"The kind of information that this book contains * * * should be in the possession of all our young people. This information will cause them to understand the reason for many of the common facts in the world about them; it unconsciously affords valuable mental discipline and unconsciously stimulates the imagination; it makes pupils more intelligent in the common objective phenomena of life and affords guidance in everyday affairs."

The kind of book Mr. Kendall describes is a storehouse of information, expressed in simple language, and introducing the student to the great world of physical knowledge which lies around us on every hand. Such a book is Dr. Hodgdon's textbook on elementary science.

It is not President Hodgdon's method to ridicule the common folk-lore which many students have learned in their

homes. He uses this as a stepping stone to more accurate scientific explanation. For instance, he has arranged the different ways that many people not learned in science, predict weather and changes in the atmosphere. These are taken up in class and the student is taught to determine which are mere superstitions and which have scientific principles involved. It is the author's custom throughout the book to use only such illustrations as may be easily understood and such equipment as is usually found in the simplest laboratory, the home.

Junior General Science is practically the same as *Elementary General Science* with the exception that it has been simplified for use in the grades. It is unnecessary for us to comment upon it because it has no changes in system or principle. Our purpose in writing at length on these books and the plans of Dr. Hodgdon is to give some idea of his views upon the teaching profession. When a man is called to a position at the head of an institution like Valparaiso University, all those connected or interested in the institution in any way are eager to learn what views the new officer holds upon the various subjects of learning. From *Elementary General Science* and *Junior General Science* we are enabled to get a good idea of Dr. Hodgdon's opinion upon the teaching of this subject to pupils in the grades and in high schools. We are sure that all will be delighted to learn that in books written before Dr. Hodgdon came to Valparaiso he expresses methods for teaching so much in accord with the general nature of this institution.

Superfluous

"I have here a book entitled: 'The Successful Chicken Raiser,'" began the agent.

"I don't need it," broke in Uncle Cy Hopkins. "All my children are boys."—Judge.

VOLSTEADING THE VALOON



NUMBER of the jokes appearing in the December number of the Valoon B. S. (Before Suppressment,) caused much discussion pro and con. Some were "for" and some were "agin." Some laughed heartily at what they considered good humor and characterized Valparaiso as being a "live" school. Others read them and their countenances became as those of Egyptian mummies.

Now the Valoon does not wish to bring forth modern likeness of Rameses or Cheops on College avenue, neither does it desire to incite its Puritan friends into a crusade against "vulgarity" where no vulgarity was intended. We admit that we would appear rather ridiculous and uncomfortable in the pillory or stocks in front of Cap Gooley's. We fear that some of our over zealous friends would take devilish delight in heaving aged eggs at our drooping heads. We are well aware of the fact that this would be a just punishment, for those who have the audacity to publish something funny, which might, perchance, cause Cotton Mather and some of his colleagues to crack their enamelled visages with smiles.

For these reasons this number of the Valoon appears on a strictly less than two and three quarters per cent basis, in conformity with the Volstead Act and Rule 1660 in the Revised Code for the Purification and Interrment of College Humorous Publications.

We are well acquainted with the fact that reading the humorous columns of the Valoon will be something like taking a drink of near-bear—no kick in it.

To those who read the December number, laughed at what was funny and generously forgave its defects, we repeat Mark Twain's story of the early western saloon and dance hall where ap-

peared the sign, "Don't shoot the musicians, they're doing the best they can."

To those who were determined to find defects, and who declared the Valoon to be "obscene" we remark in passing that the portions against which they railed the most were exchanges from recognized college publications, Life, Judge, The American Legion Weekly, and the Ladies' Home Journal.

Under the Valpo Volstead Act our sentiments are the same as those expressed by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina when they meet in these degenerate days of prohibition. The New York World says that it is a word of four letters and begins with H. The Cleveland Plaindealer surmises that it is HELP while the Boston Globe opines that it is HIST.

Not for Her.

He (calling from bedroom)—Mary, would you wear these striped pants down town tonight?

She—You poor boob, do you think I want to get pinched?

Up and Down.

"My goodness, Jenny, but Molly wears her dress awfully short!"

"Hm," returned Jenny, "that's her long suit."

Proved It.

"Yes," sobbed the bride, "we have quarrelled. My idol has feet of clay."

"What did he do?"

"Tracked mud over my new carpet."

The Flapper.

Mother: "Why don't you dress sensibly, Marie?"

Daughter: "Oh, ma, it would seem so foolish."—Boston Transcript.



MUSICALLY INCLINED

Dangerous Fish.

Jones was talking to some friend of a fishing trip he was contemplating on his holiday.

"Are there any trout up there?" questioned one of the friends.

"Trout? Thousands of 'em," replied the other enthusiastically.

"Will they bite easily?"

"Will they?" reiterated Jones. "Why they're absolutely vicious! A man has to hide behind a tree to bait his hook."—Los Angeles Times.

"Weren't you angry with him when he kissed you?"

"Oh, yes—every time."

Whey They're Whiskerless.

Little Boy—"Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?"

Mother—"Whey, certainly, dear."

Little Boy—"But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

Mother—"No, dear, men get in with a close shave."—Aggie Squab.

His Native State

Mrs. Jones (irately)—Anyhow what would you be now if it wasn't for my money.

Jones—Single, my dear.

When we are natural, what liars we are.

Safety First.

Careful Mother—"Johnny, if you eat any more cake, you'll burst."

Johnny—"Well, pass th' cake and get outa the way."

Not Good Finance

A famous financier was taken seriously ill at the age of ninety and felt that his end was near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "the Lord isn't going to take you till you've passed the hundred mark."

"No my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait till I reached par when he can pick me up at ninety?"—The Argonaut.

Appraising It.

"Yes, I did write that actress a few letters."

"What did you say?"

"My lawyer thinks I said about \$25,000 worth."—Louisville Courier.

Sounds Reasonable.

"Annabelle?"

"Yes, mommer—"

"Why was that young man holding your hand in the hall last evening?"

"He—he—he was—he was just looking at my wrist watch to see if it was time to go home."—Youngstown Telegram.

Outstripped.

In the elimination contest between fashion and modesty, fashion is winning by more than the proverbial neck.—Life.

Loomis: "I'm not going to that female barber shop again on State street in Chicago."

Frenchy: "Why?"

Loomis: "That girl looked at my mustawsh and awsked me if I would have it sponged off or rubbed in."

Tennyson vs. the Gas Bill.

A short time ago in the fair city of Gary the attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he shrieked. "If I were permitted I would say in the words of the poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

"Oh, what a charge they made!" burst forth a shrill voice from the rear of the assembly room.—V. R.

Hazel—I'll never marry a man who won't look me straight in the eye.

Mabel—Then you had better wear 'em a little longer dearie.

His Mistake.

"How dare you mistreat that lady so?"

"Rats! This is that new dance the 'toddle.'" —

Heard at Ealings.

In spite of the advanced prices the barber was blue, and the razor he was wielding seemed to share his discouragement. "I've just about decided to open a butcher-shop," he said, reaching for the powdered astringent.

"And will you close this one?" his victim gasped feebly.

Revengeful Maud.

"Freddie jilted Maud and married another girl, but Maud had her revenge."

"How?"

"She sent the bride a book to read on their honeymoon—Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey.'" —

Prof. Zim: "Being so cold in the classroom this morning, we might run around the room and play some games to warm up a little."

Mr. Kruse: "I suggest getting around the radiators and telling some warm stories."

You can often judge the breadth of a woman's views on morality by the narrowness of her foot.

Reuben's Error.

Country Cousin (backing out of the ballroom)—I'm sorry for entering this apartment.

His Cousin—Why, this is the ballroom. What did you think it was?

Country Cousin—Good Lord! I thought it was the ladies' dressing room.—Michigan Gargoyle.

The Old-Timers.

In the day of old

When men were bold,

And sheet-iron trousers wore,

They lived in peace

For then a crease

Would last five years or more.

In those old days

They had a craze

For steel shirts, and they wore them.

And there was bliss

Enough in this—

The laundry never tore them.

—Williams Purple Cow.

An Early Tragedy.

Adam found Eve in tears one day.

"What's the trouble?" he asked sympathetically.

"I do have the very worst luck," mourned Eve. "While I was in bathing a caterpillar came along and just ruined my new fall wardrobe."

"Do you know Quaversly?"

"Not at all; I've only met him when he was with his wife."

She—Why do you say my lips are like an old coat.

He—They should be pressed.—Yale Record.

"Out home we have a cow that shimmies."

"Ah; the original milk shake."—Cornell Widow.

A Study in Scarlet.

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several days.

—Texas Scalper.

Then Fur Flew

"Were you and Daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," replied the child.

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

"And did you kiss her good night every day?"

"I should say we did!"—Washington Dirge.

"The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,

Bare the fields, the groves unfrocked;
Nude are the shivering limbs of the
shameless trees—

What wonder that the corn is shocked.

Wonder Who Lost This Letter.

It was neatly typewritten, neatly folded in an envelop that bore no name:

Sir!! My shorthand typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot say it, but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.

Disrespectfully yours,
_____?

Maud: "The Vicar says there is no marrying in Heaven."

Mabel: "Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men to go around."

Professor to student: "Your report on that topic should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand it."

Student: "Well, Prof., what part is it that you don't understand?"

Some people can't walk in the straight and narrow path without treading on other people's toes.

Favoritism.

"She bane rotten sermon," grumbled the big Swede from one of the Twin Cities, when he returned from his first attendance at an American church, "all the time the minister bane talk about St. Paul and never say a word about Minneapolis."—Legion Weekly.

A Neat Housekeeper.

There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house and slammed the door."—New York Times.

Fred—"Jim finally found out the name of the girl he took to the Rainbow last night."

Bill—"What was it?"

Fred—"MacSwiney."

Bill—"How'd he find out?"

Fred—"From the way she ordered he could tell that she had been on a hunger strike."

Mother: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday School."

Johnny: (With a far-away look)—
"Yes, ma."

Mother: "How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Johnny: "I—I—carried home th' Sunday school paper an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."

A Case of Explosives.

Magistrate—"What is the charge?"

Policeman—"Intoxicated, your Honor."

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"What's your name?"

Prisoner—"Gunn, sir."

Magistrate—"Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you mustn't get loaded again."—Tit-Bits.

Parker Fountain Pens

WAHL

Ever-Sharp Pencils

AT THE

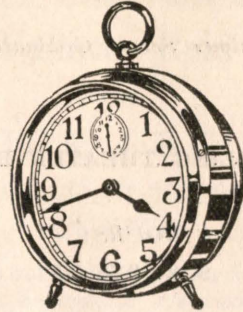
Rexall

**DRUG
STORE**

**SIEVERS DRUG
COMPANY**

WEST SIDE COURT HOUSE

THE VAIL JEWELRY STORE



Fred Moltz, Proprietor

19 East Main Street

Phone 204

VALPARAISO - - INDIANA

PRINTING—

of the better sort

FINE STATIONARY

and

SOCIETY PRINTING

Our Specialty

THE

QUALITY PRESS

118 East Main St.

*I am advertising in the VALOON
Hoping to sell you a spring suit
quite soon.*

The line is full and complete,

*And when dressed in one of these
suits you will look very neat.*

Our outfit is very fine,

*Come leave your order for your
Easter suit in time.*

R. P. WOLFE

TAILOR and FURNISHER

9 Franklin Ave., Opposite Schelling

Music Hall

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

K. S. CLAYLAND

CHIROPRACTOR

Palmer School Graduate

SCHELLING THEATER BLDG.

HOURS:

9-12: 2-5: 7-8

PHONE 524R**DR. R. L. FELTON**

DENTIST

SCHELLING'S BLDG.

PHONE

294

162 Years Ago,
George Wash-
ington present-
ed Martha Dandridge with a wed-
ding ring. Gifts of permanence
are best made when selected from
stocks of quality.

You will find such a stock at
the

GEO. F. BEACH, Inc.

9 E. Lincolnway

**THE
AMERICAN
LAUNDRY**

56 Lafayette Street

Phone No. 15

HILL BRANCH OFFICE:

Forrester's Barber Shop

SCHELLING'S

Two Days—Starting Sunday, March 7

SUNDAY—Matinee 2:30
Evening 7 and 8:45

MONDAY—No Matinee
Evening 7:15 and 9

JESSE L. LASKY PRESENTS

Wallace Reid

—In—

“SICK A BED”

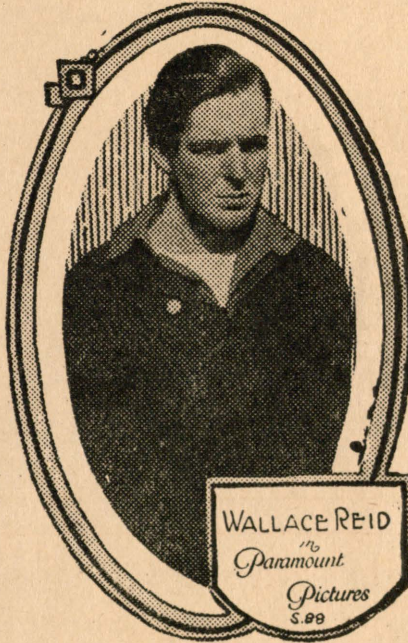
A PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT
PICTURE

To keep out of court in a big divorce scandal, he took to his bed and played sick. Then a beautiful nurse came, and during a test she kissed him.

“Great guns! What a heart!”
cried Doc.

The Liveliest Patient You Ever saw,
In a Story That's All
smiles.

WITH BEBE DANIELS AS
NURSE !



ADDED ATTRACTIONS

SUNDAY—Edgar Comedy, “Edgar Sunday Courtship”
Matinee 2:30—Children 17c, Adults 28c
Evening 7 and 8:45—Children 22c, Adults 33c

MONDAY—Mutt & Jeff Cartoon and Fox News
No Matinee
Evening 7:15 and 9—Children 22c, Adults 33c

MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE

One Week—Starting Monday, March 7

JACK BESSY'S FAMOUS STOCK COMPANY

With An Entire Repertoire of New Plays
and Specialties

POPULAR PRICES

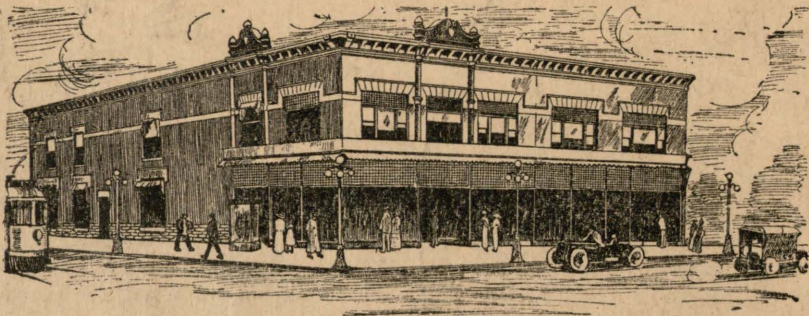
EVENINGS 8:15

SPECIAL MATINEE SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 2:30

ARCHIVES
VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

The SPECHT-FINNEY CO.

DEPARTMENT STORE



LINCOLN WAY AT FRANKLIN AVENUE

One of the reliable principles upon which this store has based its merchandising is quality—first and always. The confidence which patrons place in us is a tribute to this policy.

NEW SPRING MERCHANDISE

Combining Quality and Style

IS HERE FOR YOUR INSPECTION